

EVENING LEDGER

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CIRUS H. K. CURTIS, President.
Geo. W. Cline, Secretary, John C. Martin, Treasurer.

EDITORIAL BOARD:
CIRUS H. K. CURTIS, Chairman.
F. H. WHALEY, Executive Editor.
JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager.

Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

LEADER CENTRAL: Broad and Chestnut Streets.
NEW YORK OFFICE: 170-A Metropolitan Tower.
CHICAGO OFFICE: 1111 North Dearborn Building.
HARRISBURG BUREAU: The Patriot Building.
WASHINGTON BUREAU: The Public Ledger Building.
PHILADELPHIA BUREAU: The Public Ledger Building.
PITTSBURGH BUREAU: The Times Building.
SPRINGFIELD BUREAU: The Times Building.
ST. LOUIS BUREAU: The Times Building.
ST. PAUL BUREAU: The Times Building.

Subscription Terms:
To carrier, DAILY ONLY, six cents. By mail, postpaid outside of Philadelphia, except where foreign postage is required, DAILY ONLY, one month, twenty-five cents; DAILY ONLY, one year, three dollars. All mail subscriptions payable in advance.

BEEL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000
Address all communications to Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1914

Penrose: Goliath of Rum and Ruin

BEYOND inference, far beyond allegation, by the enthusiastic acclaim of the liquor dealers themselves, Penrose is the Black Prince, the undisputed champion, of the saloon. In Atlantic City yesterday the New Jersey Liquor Dealers' League cheered his name to the echo every time it was mentioned.

Ned Bonner said truly, "We have good friends with us in high places. Our only hope, therefore, is to stand by the Republicans who have stood by us."

How long will the self-respecting, God-fearing Republicans of Pennsylvania stand for this disreputable alliance?

Never was there more brazen effrontery than for the man who throws his Senatorial toga over the saloon and prostitutes his high office by protecting all the infamous adjuncts of the grocery to ask for the vote of respectable citizens.

Playing With Fire

NEED for the inculcation of "safety first" principles in the minds of the young is nowhere more clearly exemplified than in a recent statement of underwriters showing that the fire losses in this country and Canada during the first nine months of the year reached the enormous total of \$176,706,750.

The Insurance Department of Pennsylvania, within the last two years, has investigated the causes of 16,000 fires and has found that 60 per cent of them were caused by carelessness. If there was drilled into the minds of Americans the practical value of the adage that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" the chances are that this abnormal loss would be materially reduced.

There is only one sensible way of settling the question beyond all quibble: submit it to a constitutional amendment to the several States for decision. As the matter stands today, it seems as if President Wilson will be as much under suspicion if he seeks two terms as was Colonel Roosevelt when he sought three.

Antwerp and Strategy

UNLESS the German General Staff has a plan of campaign much more comprehensive and intricate than anything considered possible, the fall of Antwerp can be little more than an incident.

Those who see the Belgian port as a base for an attack upon Great Britain seem to have forgotten the unbroken strength of England's navy. Napoleon once lay at Boulogne with an army ready to cross the channel, but, intrepid as he was, the difficulties and risks were counted far too great to be undertaken.

If Merion. Why Not Philadelphia?

MERION, through its Civic Association, has erected signposts—artistic, durable and legible. Merion is a suburb, Philadelphia is a metropolis; but the stranger within our gates would not be surprised if the city almost unaided. Here and there at street intersections, high up on buildings and far beyond the range of sight of many people, there are dim, ancient and cryptic designations, but they are almost as scarce and quite as hard to decipher as Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Economy That Begins at the Top

BEFORE reducing the salaries of other officers President Harrison, of the Southern Railway, cut down his own salary 20 per cent. He believed it only fair that the officers of the company should share among themselves the sacrifice required by existing conditions. Just a few weeks ago another railroad president in the South telegraphed his wife to economize drastically on household expenses. The necessity for economy in these stressful times is no respecter of persons; and the two instances mentioned are laudable examples of retrenchment which begins at the top, with no attempt to escape the burden by passing it on.

Stupid Respectability

THERE is no valid reason why respectability and stupidity should go hand in hand, but they always do under the skilful manipulation of political expediency.

Gang politicians know quite well that they would never have a day's tenure of power if they walked abroad in their own naked villainy. It is necessary that they shall be decently garbed, and to meet the requirements of enlightened society they cloak themselves in the irreproachable respectability of men who can be easily won by such slogans as "economy," "efficiency," "business

THE HANDS OF ESAU

Philadelphia Politically a Miniature France. How Effective Organized Opposition is Blotted Out by Taking Care of Minority Leaders. "Democratic" Real Estate Assessors Typical Examples of Bipartisan Methods.

"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

FOREWORD

"Prudence consists in knowing how to distinguish degrees of disadvantage, and in accepting a less evil as good. Captains of married mercenaries are either able men or they are not. If they are, you cannot trust them, since they will always seek their own aggrandizement. If they are not, the chances are you will be ruined. Their first object in either event is to bring foot soldiers into disrepute.—Machiavelli.

Better government in Philadelphia is being slowly strangled. The Blankenburg administration of a few city officers expresses better government just as completely as an anti-Tammany administration does in New York. The cold fingers of "the organization," Philadelphia's Tammany, reaching dexterously through a phalanx of majority in Councils and officials under control, are pressing hard on its windpipe. Unless prided off by the people themselves, strangulation of better government must ensue.

In the modest palaces behind the myriad two-story red brick fronts of working Philadelphia dwell the real beneficiaries of better government. They pay the taxes. It is for them that the worst that can be said of people who toil is that they are sometimes too tired to study a public subject—SOMETIMES, NOT ALWAYS.

A Voice for Honesty

TO THE Republicans of this State the Republican party of this country is looking for its vindication. Says the New York Tribune:

The Republicans of Pennsylvania have an opportunity this year to do a great service to the Republican party of the nation. They can help to restore the confidence of the Republicans of other States in the vitality and usefulness of the national organization and its capacity to rid itself of the corrupting and debasing elements which have fastened upon it.

When such elements get control of the party machinery and use it to distort Republican traditions it is no time to bow down blindly to the convention of party regularity. The loyalty of good Republicans is shamefully abused by self-seeking bosses like the Boies Penrose, who try to blind good men to work for evil and clean men to work for corruption. There should be no question of technical party regularity when the ideals of Republicanism are being profaned and its good name is being stolen by men who use their Republicanism only as a cloak to cover their own schemes of spoliation.

What is done to Penroseism on November 3 will be done not only for the Republican party, but for civic honesty, not only for Pennsylvania, but for the whole nation. For the Republicans of Pennsylvania to kneel to the shibboleth of party regularity in a crisis so great would be to disappoint the hope and faith of Republicans all over the country; it would be to raise doubts of their sincerity in professing to glory in the past history and splendid future of their party. Penroseism is known for what it is everywhere in the United States; it has been too long associated with the name "Republicanism" and the name "Pennsylvania" to leave any question of the action which the shame of it demands.

None But the Braves

FOUR straight, and the world's series is over. The Braves have won a clear, clean championship on their merits.

Of course it can never be settled which was the better team in the strictly scientific spirit of "inside baseball." But which had the "punch" has been simply demonstrated. And in this spectacular finish to the dull season in years it was "punch" that seemed to count most. The future of the Braves will be interesting to watch.

Meanwhile, there are acknowledgments to be made. From tall-enders to world's champions in three months—it was a terrific climb. All America takes off its hat to the team that made it.

Kansas Puts Its Best Foot Forward

THE pure shoe law of Kansas has been upheld by the courts, and hereafter the last shall be first. No more will paper and fibre board line the soles of the sturdy farmer as margarine and benzene of soda once lined his interior. He may now be pure within and without and know the reason why.

With Pure Food on his lips And Pure Shoes on his toes, He will be happy wherever he goes.

But will he? Not if, as the shoeman argued, paper is just as good anyway. For now no Kansan will be strong-minded enough to risk the acid test of social standing—the inspection of a "paper-lined" label on his sole leather. Kansas may show its heels to the rest of the States in shoemaking legislation, but its only satisfaction will be getting what it pays for.

St. Patrick's Cathedral Outrage

WHATEVER the motive and whoever the perpetrator, there can be nothing but indignation and horror felt by all sane people over the dynamite outrage in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. To say that it was the deed of a madman is only an evasion. Such insanity as recurs to bombs has always been traced to propaganda of a nihilistic nature, in which the rights of life and property are disregarded. There is nothing impulsive about such a crime; it is deliberate and the inevitable application of doctrines that are anti-humanistic.

A Valiant Soldier of Words

RUDYARD KIPLING's refusal to appear for one evening in New York for \$3000 as a public reader is characteristic of British patriotism. He declined on the ground that he was needed in London. Incidentally, it may be suggested, the poem he was asked to read belonged to another political era. This is not the time for British poets to appear in public. They are otherwise engaged. The world expects much from Kipling, who has never ceased to be the mouthpiece of the Empire. In 1898 "The Truce of the Bear" was written—"the bear that walks like a man." The world has moved on since then. Little wonder he declined to read this characterization of Russia.

Today the rifle fires of Russia and England mingle in the haze of battle. The Bear and the Lion are one. When the war is over this valiant soldier of words will utter another message, which the world will doubtless receive as an interpretation of new Europe.

Hear Me Braves!

Carranza threatens to attack Vera Cruz within 24 hours. Naughtily, naughtily! "Senate makes slow progress on war tax bill." Wise Senate.

Przemysl may be relieved, but what about the reading public, who must now expect another stage of spelling jokes?

Ned Bonner speaks the truth. Senator Penrose will have the loyal support of every liquor dealer in Pennsylvania.

Quits in contrast to the liquor dealers' ratification meeting yesterday comes the announcement that 2000 alumni of the University of Pennsylvania will support Doctor Brumbaugh.

Amato, the operative Tommy Tucker, seems to have sung for something far more valuable than his supper, when he proved to Austrian spy-hunters by means of his voice, that he confined his martial impulses to opera.

As soon as the news "Braves make it four straight," reached the Weather Man, he heaved a sigh, realizing the strain was over, and pulled open the "Unsettled, with showers" clutch. Full speed ahead for winter!

THE HANDS OF ESAU

Philadelphia Politically a Miniature France. How Effective Organized Opposition is Blotted Out by Taking Care of Minority Leaders. "Democratic" Real Estate Assessors Typical Examples of Bipartisan Methods.

"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

FOREWORD

"Prudence consists in knowing how to distinguish degrees of disadvantage, and in accepting a less evil as good. Captains of married mercenaries are either able men or they are not. If they are, you cannot trust them, since they will always seek their own aggrandizement. If they are not, the chances are you will be ruined. Their first object in either event is to bring foot soldiers into disrepute.—Machiavelli.

Better government in Philadelphia is being slowly strangled. The Blankenburg administration of a few city officers expresses better government just as completely as an anti-Tammany administration does in New York. The cold fingers of "the organization," Philadelphia's Tammany, reaching dexterously through a phalanx of majority in Councils and officials under control, are pressing hard on its windpipe. Unless prided off by the people themselves, strangulation of better government must ensue.

In the modest palaces behind the myriad two-story red brick fronts of working Philadelphia dwell the real beneficiaries of better government. They pay the taxes. It is for them that the worst that can be said of people who toil is that they are sometimes too tired to study a public subject—SOMETIMES, NOT ALWAYS.

NO. V—THE ALLIES

here or there from the ex-Democratic machinery, but such successes would be only transitory. So argued Jim McNichol and the Vares. Afterwards the services of the ward leaders of the minority party were paid for openly. Here are a few of the allies who have been appointed real estate assessors by the Board of Revision of Taxes:

Table with 3 columns: Ward, Name, Salary. Lists names like Patrick Donohue, Thomas J. McGinnis, Edward Fitzgerald, etc.

Other "Democrats" found in the clover of assessors are John W. Boileau, Jr.; Louis Alexander, John J. Curley, Richard Shevlin and A. A. Dunton. John O'Donnell, minority party leader of the 35th Ward, was a real estate assessor until Governor Tener recently made him Registration Commissioner, at the same salary, but with the added power of a voice in naming the four registrars for each of the 124 election districts of the city. Including O'Donnell, there was \$51,000 cut up annually among "Democrats" in the appointments of the Board of Revision of Taxes.

Who are the members of the Board of Revision of Taxes? Very well-known gentlemen. One is Simon Gratz, brother-in-law of the late Alexander K. McClure. Mr. Gratz also has his finger in the Board of Education. Another member is J. Wesley Durham, brother of the late Israel W. Durham, the third and last member is David N. Fell, Jr., son of Chief Justice D. Newlin Fell, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. All were appointed by the Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas, Mr. Fell's selection being accredited to United States Senator Boies Penrose. All are "Republicans."

In three wards out of 45 there are magistrates who as ward leaders for the minority party decline to act as deacons—William H. Belcher, John J. Grells and Joseph S. Boyle. A decoy is a lure, a net to snare the unwary. Magistrate Boyle, who is a follower of Postmaster Thornton, was always independent of "The Organization," but the two others are recruits. As for the minority party in the remaining 45 wards, it is an annex to the majority party. Jim McNichol and the Vares let Charles P. Donnelly, son of the wards and the rest they control direct through patronage to the decoy city commitment. Saloonkeepers and small fry usually are the sort of men sent in to take the short end.

Before the registration of voters was required, the "boys" of the merged majority and minority parties used to vote the entire assessors' list. Assessing voters was measured by the requirements of a candidate. Only provide each "tin soldier" with a list of names, and a list of polling places, also 50-cent poll tax receipts to match, and he worked religiously, north and south from Market street, sun up until the gas lamps began to twinkle. They called it "getting out the vote," and they got you out for the "party" with or without your consent. Busy business men and tired working men were relieved from all personal attention to the making of government. The judge contractor overlord never colonized. Horrors! No! It was so unnecessary in those days.

Then came registration, and the pressing needs for more scientific methods. Double duty was required of the "poor tin soldier." He must register as well as vote. In Philadelphia, the city of great distances, this is not so difficult. An old resident in Chestnut Hill is a total stranger at League Island. Who would recognize a permanent guest of an unimportant street in behind Logan Square as the September-made citizen of Manayunk, Frankford and West Philadelphia? Think this over!

Better government asks for an honest count of the ballots. Each election division has a judge and two inspectors. The judge and one inspector is the majority representation, and the other inspector is the minority party man. Before these election division instruments are voted for they must be O. K'd by the ward leader of "The Organization." Jim McNichol and the Vares never worry over an election. Why should they when the odd man in the polling place is their secret ally?

The allies are going to give Mr. Penrose 20,000 "Democratic" votes in Philadelphia this fall. This is the pledge of the captains of the mounted mercenaries. Looks like an easy task unless the foot soldiers—but what is expected of foot soldiers anyway in these piping times of war? To be crumpled and crushed by shrapnel from masked artillery. For the foot soldiers of peace are only our honest, trusting, patient taxpayers.

HUM OF HUMAN CITIES

No municipal activity is fraught with so many problems as finance. It is also the most comprehensive. It involves taxation of all the methods, good and bad, now in force and with a large field very fruitful in theory. It includes, further, the question of expenditure. Besides the individual problems of a foolish spending in each field of municipal work, there are the most questions of where expenditures may most wisely go. The reports of city expenditures in the current Annalist bring up some interesting points.

The Annalist contains a statistical picture, showing that among nine leading cities six spend habitually more than their income. New York is the shocking example of profusion. Boston is the shining example of thrift. But there are other reasons than good sense for Boston's creditable showing, at least in part, and New York's showing is not so bad as it seems, although too bad to be condoned.

New York's expenditures are for productive purposes to an unusual extent, and may even become sources of revenue, if calculations are verified. Thus New York spends more than any other city and almost twice as much in proportion as Boston for land

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

Labeling the Bluecoat
Several urethras were loitering at an intersection of streets when two policemen dashed hurriedly around the corner and hastened on at full speed—due East. The leader of the gang shouted, "Ganglump, feller, fight," and started off in the direction whence the police had come.

A well-dressed youngster who looked like a new member of the gang grabbed the leader by the coat. "You're gone the wrong way," he shouted, "foller the cops." snorted the other. "Say, I wanna see de fight."

A Tip to Cubists

The Cubist Artist neared the bitter end; in all the world he'd not a single friend.

His cash was spent, his heart was filled with fear, And hunger's touch was dangerously near.

The flowing river drew him to its side; But just before the Cubist would have died

A politician chanced along the way And saw his work, and quickly bade him stay.

The Cubist new is well to do, and Fame Has laid her laurels on his work and name.

He won it all himself, and won it fair By painting politicians on the square.

Not Able to Work

The vacation of the peacemakers has been indefinitely extended.

His Favorite Ratio

An William Jennings Bryan is too busy to make the suggestion himself, we venture on his behalf to suggest that Congress, instead of presenting the A. B. C. mediators with a gold medal, donate 16 silver ones.

Acknowledged at Last

We have sometimes suspected something of the sort, and now we find it in a credit report from one of the commercial agencies: part from one of the commercial agencies destroyed by fire insurance.

Real Neutrals

It looks as if it were only the unhyphenated Americans who are observing strictly President Wilson's neutrality warning.

For Fashion's Sake

He sought the ladies' eye to catch, But he could find no spots Of lurid color to match His up-to-date cravat.

He simply could not force himself to wear the color of the day, For custom-made supplies.

Of ankle wear, in vain he sought, And then he had a brilliant thought And painted them to suit.

He Lost Count

"Beware of that jay town ten miles out," said the tourist.

"Why so?" inquired his friend. "There was no constable there the last time I passed. They don't need a constable. There's a thank-you-maximum in that crowd you can't ditch. Then the Justice of the Peace comes along and fines you \$10 for obstructing the highway and \$10 for the use of a team to pull your cart. The harness is fixed to break and that costs \$5 more. By that time a man loses his temper. The Justice waits until he runs out of breath and then charges him \$2 a case word."

"Holy smoke—so it cost you a total of \$27." "A total of what? It cost me just \$105, and even at that I think he lost count."

Reporting Progress

It was 2 a. m. "My first husband," she observed, "never came home in this condition, yet he drank himself to death."

"S'all ri', m' dear, zst want you t'know I'm following high zshampale."

Extending, of Course

"Why," demanded the indignant war correspondents, "have you killed our stories?"

"You've mentioned a hat thrown your car into a ditch. Then the Justice of the Peace comes along and fines you \$10 for obstructing the highway and \$10 for the use of a team to pull your cart. The harness is fixed to break and that costs \$5 more. By that time a man loses his temper. The Justice waits until he runs out of breath and then charges him \$2 a case word."

Conflicting Pests

The wintry wind will soon be here, And we shall hear the roar Of those who know pneumonia's fear. Whose slogan's "Close the door."

Also the fend we've known of old, Who simply will not care, Who raves about the bracing cold And yammers, "Glimme air."

Crushed

"Mrs. Brown's heartbroken. She had a fine plan to get a new set of leather-covered chairs."

"What happened?" "Her husband sat on it."

A "P"—Cable Suggestion

The inhabitants of Prussia Road, London, have petitioned Parliament that the name be changed.

If patriots dislike the name Of Kaiser William's Prussia, They not only fret and fret at the name, And change the thing to Russia?

Silencing the Batteries

"Aren't you giving away too many seats for a jay town like this, and on a one-night stand?" inquired the press agent.

"Never mind about that," said Jefferson De Hamm. "You be sure that each produce dealer in town gets a ticket. I want those shops closed."

A Flit in the Wrong Direction

A young baseball player named Schmidt Obtained a most beautiful bid; They he ran toward the base; It was simply a case Of the poor fellow losing his widd.

THE BABBLING FOOL

My son, exercise caution in your friendships. You will have seating capacity for a few friends, while acquaintances may crowd in and sit on the windowsills of your soul. The trouble with friends is they don't want Rip Van Winkle's dog was as faithful as the clown that followed King Lear.

Dogs make better friends than people. Read Titon Athons. The course he cut in his tomb along the seashore was his estimate of friends who disappointed him. The cynicism of Titon is shared, in a degree, by every man who has a friend in his pocket who professed to love him. Selfishness is the microbe that poisons friendship. Neither lead nor borrow if you would be a friend to the other party in a transaction. The probability is that he will be disgusted with you.

Friends are like cats—they have claws under the fur. When the right time comes you will be scratched.

You will learn that a good deal of the friendship that you can pick up with a little cash and influence will not last as long as your fat hat.

Friendship is love under control. Love is friendship on fire. Love is insanity. It is as abnormal as appendicitis and quite as painful.

Dogs and children make the best friends. They are honest. No person is your real true friend from whom you are willing to withhold anything. Hamlet was not crazy—only disappointed in his friends.

Throw a stone in any street and you will hit a man or a woman—probably a woman—who has been untrue to some friend. It is a good thing that nations do not violate treaties as often as individuals. My son, when you find somebody who will die for you, come around and tell me.

And Baron Bean? From the Boston Herald. King Corb and Bazaar Cotton.